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a Christian; they have eaten dirt, they have lied; but the Christian has no remedy—he must pay. A judge can only decide according to evidence. Mashallah! I am very sorry, but it is so.”

The Greek merchant was very sad, and almost feared he must raise a subscription for Gregorio, which he thought unfair, seeing the poor man was really the owner of the 10,000 piastres.

“Wallah!” said the judge; “I see you are hurt at the *rayah's* misfortune. Bismillah! what I say I ought not to say—but God's will be done—these two men are the fathers of lies. Go down to Galata, enter a large coffee-house, and there you will see an old man, who—Inshallah!—please God!—will get you over your difficulty. Allah Kerim!—God is great and merciful. Go.”

The merchant and Gregorio went down as told to the coffee-shop, on entering which they saw an old man taking his coffee and solemnly smoking his pipe. Though an old scoundrel, and driving an infamous trade, he was a grave and venerable personage, and the Greeks bowed to him politely.

“La Allah Wah Allah Mohammed resoul-Allah,”* said he, “what wants my lord with his servant?”

He could be polite to a *ghiaour* on occasion. They told their story without hesitation.

“What *backsheesh* will my lord give his servant?”

The Greek merchant gave a piece of gold.

“Allah Kerim! go. Inshallah! your affair is settled.”

“But—” began Gregorio.

“You would see how it is to be done. Go, call me two Turkish boatmen.”

Gregorio did as he was told; the Greek merchant smiled, and none the less when two boatmen of the Bosphorus entered.

“You see that *ghiaour*,” said the old man, pointing to the *rayah*.

The boatmen nodded their heads.

“And you see these piastres,” showing them twelve piastres.

The boatmen looked quite lively.

“Well, to-morrow go before the kadi; and recollect, or may you die in the Tedi Khoulî, on the second hour of the third day before the Ramadan, this Christian was in a boat with you, out at sea, looking out for a ship.”

The boatmen intimated that they perfectly recollected the fact, and went away.

Next day all parties appeared in court. The two Turks on one side swore one thing, the two Turks on the other swore the direct contrary, proving an *alibi* most distinctly.

Then up spoke the judge and said: “As two Turks say one thing, and two Turks say another, we must leave all things to the judgment of God. Allah Kerim! I dismiss the case. As it is, let it remain.”

With many such unbiassed judges as these, and a new system, coupled with the destruction of the *bastinado*, Turkish courts of law would soon improve. But the judges must be

* “There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.”

better paid, and a better system of surveillance adopted. Not long since a man was tried for the murder of his wife. It was a brutal case, and had not occurred within the sacred precincts of the harem. The case was clear, public indignation was at a great height, the relations of the wife asked for the application of the *lex talionis*—though capital punishments are all but abolished, of which my space will not allow me to say more—and the judge was about to decide against the assassin. Suddenly a letter and a bag were passed up by a *kapouddge-bassi* to the bench. The letter was from a friend of the murderer, and the bag contained five hundred dollars.

The judge gave judgment after consulting the Koran, and said that the law and the prophet declared, that none could ask blood for blood but the nearest relative of the deceased. Now the nearest relative of the deceased was her own child, an infant of seven months, and he *therefore adjourned* the case until the son's wishes could be known.

The influence of western civilisation has already, however, been felt; and I do really believe, when the world is rid of the present quarrel, a new impetus may be given to Turkey, by a reconciliation, and perhaps in the end an amalgamation, of the two races.

Fires are not quite so common as they used to be. The *hamals* and *sahiers*, porters and water-carriers, have been long suspected of being at the bottom of these frightful scenes of destruction to life and property, which have been of daily occurrence in Constantinople. They made immense sums of money by aiding in saving goods and lives at night. The houses being of wood, whole quarters are burnt down in a few hours. But since a threat of a very severe kind has been directed against the *hamals* and *sahiers*, the conflagrations are slightly less in number.

I have made one or two excursions round Constantinople, and visited some spots of extreme beauty. I shall give you some account of my peregrinations in another letter, seeking, however, rather to tell you of manners and customs than of things which, to a great extent, have been described until some of them have become as familiar as household words. A friend of mine recently visited the Sultan's palace, and even entered the harem. It is a meanly-furnished place, with chintz curtains and ancient coverlets on divans, a few prints of English and French battle scenes, and nothing of any kind to please the eye or taste but some cool and refreshing fountains. The library of Korans is curious, while the armoury is full of Eastern arms—some very antique. The mosques look better outside than in. The strange building in Leicester-square, so oddly placed amid our houses and bricks, gives a very effective idea of one of these buildings. The principal is St. Sophia, once a Christian church. It is a striking building outside, but I have not yet seen the inside. The most striking building, however, in Constantinople is the Sulemanaya, which can be seen from a great distance. It is a perfect tier of cupolas, rising one above another, and crowned by a single dome of enormous span and elegant proportions.

TURKISH PIPES.

SMOKING is one of the greatest delights of a Mussulman. It seems with him a second nature, and that it would be as easy for him to exist without food as without tobacco. It has been said, that the custom of smoking in Turkey and Persia dates far earlier than the period at which tobacco was discovered in America, and hence the previous existence of the plant in those countries has been inferred. But, although the habit now prevails universally in the East, the tobacco-plant is never once hinted at in any of the authorities which treat of ancient Oriental productions; and that a custom so peculiar as smoking should have been totally omitted in the graphic descriptions which old writers give, seems scarcely possible, if it were then known. Yet the Koran itself, a book which

legislates on all points, small and great, is altogether silent on the subject. Long before the discovery of America, Europeans were acquainted with the peculiarities of the East. Thither went Lion-heart and his crusaders, even in the dark ages, and the manners and customs of the Turks became thoroughly known: later than this, the wealthy merchants of Venice and other cities on the Mediterranean carried on a traffic in the Levant, of which all sorts of Eastern commodities were the subjects. Yet no such thing as tobacco is ever alluded to in any way.

From this it appears that, although the custom of smoking prevails so extensively in the East now, before the discovery of America it was altogether unknown. When the Spaniards

landed in the New World, they found the people of Yucatan, in the Gulf of Mexico, holding the tobacco-plant in high esteem. The Indians regarded it not only as a luxury, but as a universal remedy for disease; they carried it with them on hunting excursions, and used it as food if their provisions failed, and venerated it so highly that they presented it in their religious services as the most acceptable offering to the gods. Cortez carefully inquired into all the uses of the newly-discovered plant, and tobacco was transmitted to Spain, with an accurate account of the virtues, real and imaginary, which it was said to possess; and soon after this it began to make its way throughout the East, a ready market being found in Arabia, Hindostan, and China.

The Persian or Turkish pipe is generally composed of a box or vase, about half-filled with water; a perpendicular tube, or pipe, which is introduced into the vase and immersed in the

silver; the flexible tube—called *marpitch*, or winding serpent—is of cherry-coloured silk and gold, and terminated by an amber mouthpiece. The costly and ornamental character and the exquisite execution of this magnificent pipe render it peculiarly interesting even as a specimen of art. The reticular work, so light and elegant, is evidently Indian.

When the vase which receives the water is of an oval or egg-form, and terminates in a point, and the tubes are differently arranged as to their position from those which form the Houkka, the pipe is called Narguileh, from the word *narguil* or *nardjil*, which signifies cocoa-nut. At Constantinople the vase is a glass bottle; at Bagdad the cocoa-nut is in general use. In the Narguilehs of the opulent, the cocoa-nut or the bottle is replaced by an oval vase of silver; and as the pointed shape of the vase will not allow of its standing on a plane surface, it rests on an artistically-decorated tripod,



A WOMAN OF CAIRO SMOKING.—FROM A DRAWING BY KARL GIRARDET.

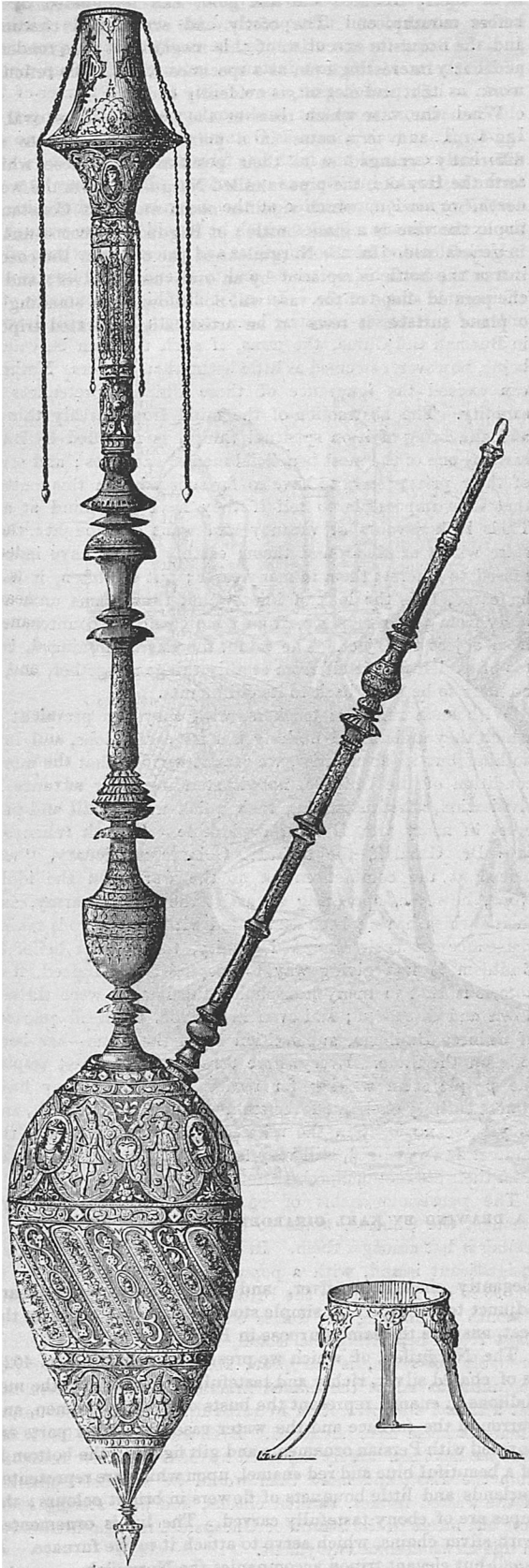
water; a small furnace, generally of metal, which surmounts the perpendicular pipe; a cover, which serves as a species of ventilator; and lastly, a second perpendicular pipe and flexible tubing, which communicates with the tobacco and serves the purpose of an ordinary pipe.

When the vase which receives the water is in the form of a bell, and the two tubes are adapted so as to be arranged side by side in the bell, the pipe is called Houkka or Hokka, an Arabian word which signifies box. This form and name are peculiar to India. The Houkka represented in our engraving (p. 425) is one which was recently purchased in Constantinople by a distinguished orientalist. The water vase is remarkable for the elegance of its form and the delicacy of its workmanship; the brilliant red of the interior of the vase, and the exquisite finish imparted to the silver network by which it is covered, add considerably to the beauty of the effect; the lid of the furnace and the two pipes are of chased

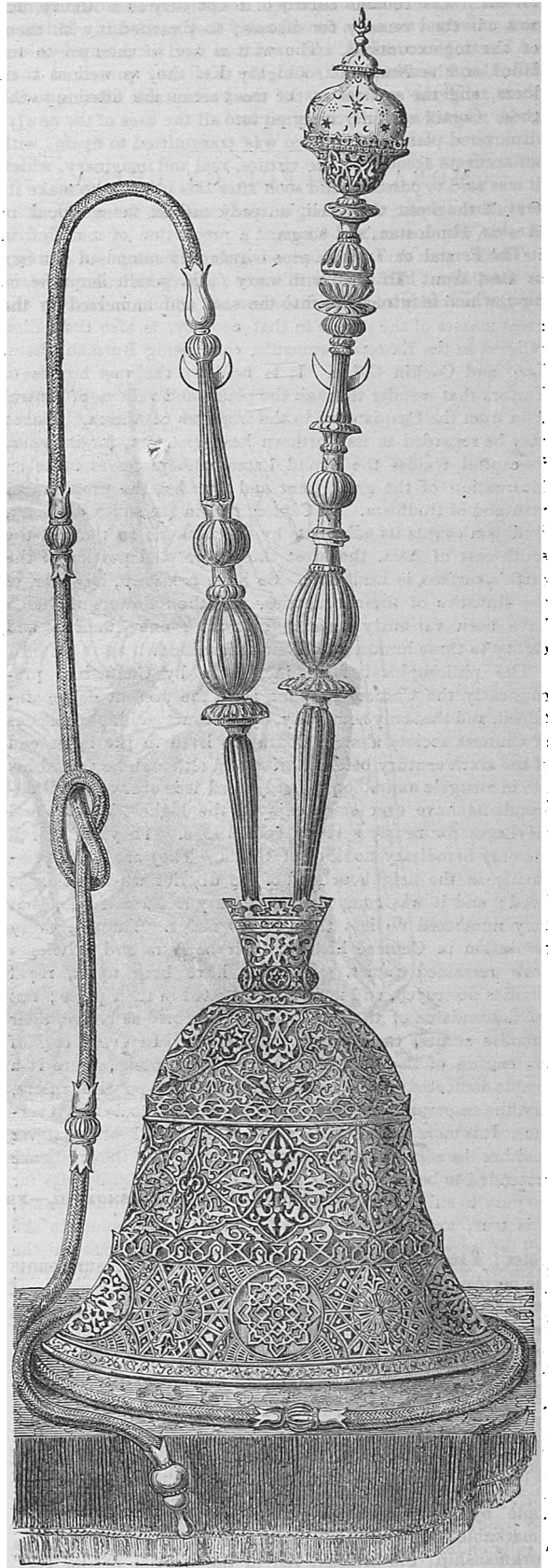
elegantly chased in silver, and which forms a necessary adjunct to the pipe. A simple stool, with a hole bored in the seat, answers the same purpose in Bagdad.

The Narguileh, of which we present an engraving (p. 402), is of chased silver, richly and tastefully ornamented; the medallions in enamel represent the busts of men and women, and surround the furnace and the water vase; the other parts are covered with Persian ornaments and gilt figures; the bottom is of a beautiful blue and red enamel, upon which are represented garlands and little bouquets of flowers in bright colours; the pipes are of ebony tastefully carved. The lid is ornamented with silver chains, which serve to attach it to the furnace. A small but elegant tripod accompanies the Narguileh.

The third variety of the water-bowl pipe is the *Kalioun*; or, as it is commonly pronounced by the Arabians, *Ghalian*, which signifies bubbling, and which is given to the pipe because of the bubbling which the admission of air through the tube



A NARGILEH.



A HOUKKA.

causes in the water. The *Kalioun* is almost universally used in Persia. The tobacco which is used in the East is remarkable for the fragrance and delicacy of its perfume, and the scented water in the vase adds considerably to the soothing influence of the tobacco itself. The women are accustomed to the Houkka, the Narguileh, and the Kalioun, as well as their lords, and the apartments of the harems are fitted up with these magnificent and costly pipes.

MORAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

Of all the systems of religion professed in the world, there is none which numbers so great a proportion of mankind in its folds, and there is none so little understood in Europe, as Buddhism. This extraordinary faith, which is professed by the majority of the inhabitants of China, indeed by the great masses of the people in that country, is also the ruling religion in the Eastern Peninsula, comprising Burmah, Siam, Lao, and Cochin China. It is held by the vast hordes of Tartars that wander through the plains and valleys of central Asia from the Caspian Sea to the frontiers of China. Thibet may be regarded as its northern head-quarters, for in Lassa, its capital, resides the Grand Lama, who professes to be an incarnation of the great saint and founder, the prophet and man-god of Buddhism. In Ceylon, too, in the south of India, Buddhism counts its adherents by the million; so that all the south-east of Asia, the most thickly-peopled portion of the earth's surface, is Budhistic. So little is known, however, of the statistics of these countries, that the followers of Budha have been variously estimated at from one hundred and eighty to three hundred millions of mankind.

The philosophical faith inculcated by Confucius, pre-eminently the Chinese prophet, is at the present day maintained, and that only nominally, by the court and higher classes of Chinese society alone. Confucius lived in the latter end of the sixth century before Christ, and although he passed his life in struggle and obloquy, and ended it in obscurity, his descendants have ever since enjoyed the highest honours and privileges for nearly seventy generations. They are indeed the only hereditary nobility of China. They are found principally in the neighbourhood of the district where the sage lived; and it was computed, a century and a half ago, that they numbered no less than 11,000 males. Through every revolution in Chinese history, their honours and privileges have remained intact. Thrones have been upset, royal families destroyed, and new ones elevated in their place; but the descendants of the great teacher remained as before, their honours secure, their dignity uninvaded. In every city of the empire of the first, second, and third ranks, there is a temple dedicated to Confucius. The civil and political rulers, nay, the emperor himself, are all equally bound to do him reverence. It is mere ceremony, however; there is no heart whatever in either the admiration professed for the man, or the obedience pretended to be given to his precepts, for his morality was far too pure to suit the degenerate taste of modern China. Altars, it is true, are erected in high families to Confucius, in the hall of ancestors; sweet-smelling gums are burnt in the chamber, with frankincense and tapers of sandal-wood; fruit, wine, and flowers, are placed upon the altars, and appropriate verses chanted. But the whole service is merely one of form; and whilst outward adherence is thus given to the system inculcated by Confucius, Buddhism alone maintains any hold upon the masses of the people, and the hold which it maintains is far from being a beneficial one. Introduced from India, it has maintained its sacred language, the Pali, in China; Chinese symbols are tortured to express its sounds; Chinese tongues refuse to utter its words distinctly; so that the ceremonies of the Buddhist temples are unintelligible to the people not less than to the priests, and the whole system of religion has long degenerated into an unmeaning mummery, retaining little hold upon the minds of the people, whilst outwardly its temples are grand, its ceremonies imposing, its priests richly dressed, and its monasteries well appointed and full.

Gotama Budha, also called Sakya Mouny, was the founder of the faith. He lived either a thousand or six hundred years before our era, and first preached his doctrines in northern India. Being the son of a king, he easily obtained protection and converts in the first instance, setting himself up, not so much as the preacher of a new faith, as the reformer of the old and almost worn-out Brahmanism which still lingers in India. That such a man as Gotama actually did live, no one who has examined the faith has for a moment doubted; and as the history of his life was not written till centuries after his death, we need not wonder at the marvels related of him, or the extraordinary miracles which he is said to have wrought.

He left behind him both priests and priestesses, whose office it was to preach his doctrines and to attend to the images and offerings in the temple. In most Budhistic countries, the order of priestesses has long been extinct; but it still lingers in Burmah and China, the nuns, if such they can be called, being, however, esteemed as little better than beggars. Nothing can exceed the ignorance of these Chinese pretenders to sanctity. The abstraction of the mind from earthly things, and the fixing of it on spiritual things, is regarded by Buddhism as one of the most beneficial mental exercises; and some of their priests seem to have so far succeeded in this matter, that it is impossible to tell if they have any mind at all. Their look savours of vacancy and want of thought; they stare wildly at all around them; earthly things have indeed ceased to interest them in many cases; but too often, it is to be feared, it is the look of idiocy that thus roams unmeaningly from place to place, from countenance to countenance, from object to object. The mind, thoroughly unhinged, but too often detaches itself from earthly things altogether, and is no more to be lured back to its old haunts.

With such religious teachers, with a system prevalent of which they understand nothing but its corruptions, and love nothing but its absurdities, we cannot wonder that the moral condition of the Chinese, notwithstanding their advance in civilisation, notwithstanding their quick-witted skill and progress in many arts, is most deplorable. "Much reliance," says Dr. Gutzlaff, the eminent Chinese missionary, "was placed at the commencement of the war upon the idols. None, however, appearing to assist the Chinese army, and their shrines having been desecrated without the gods taking vengeance for their wounded dignity, the popular belief in Buddhism is fast giving way to scepticism." Indeed, it is notorious that in many households the images were thrown down and discarded; and even in Ningpo, the head-quarters of Chinese Buddhism, superstition is on the wane—has been long on the wane. Everywhere throughout the vast empire the people seem waiting for something better; they have almost entirely shaken off the trammels of their old faith, and as yet see no light in the mists a-head, or rather only the faintest dawn of light, still very far from their own abodes, or from their distinct comprehension."

The pernicious habit of opium-smoking, so prevalent amongst the Chinese, tends to destroy what little religious feeling is left amongst them. In Hong-Kong, for instance, an insignificant island, with a population hardly amounting to 20,000 in all, a man pays the British government 1,500 dollars a month for farming the duties on opium alone; and yet, of these 20,000 inhabiting the island, a considerable proportion, probably one-sixth, is European, and the Europeans are but beginning to adopt the odious practice now—they have not yet attained the perfection in self-ruin to which the unfortunate Chinese have advanced. Even into England itself the practice has been largely imported by those who have returned from the East, and more than would be supposed possible of the wasted frames, sunken cheeks, and wild staring eyes, that one meets in the Strand or Cheapside, may be attributed to this unwholesome enjoyment.

In Hong-Kong, the largest consumers of the drug are the shopkeepers, sailors, quarrymen, and dissolute adventurers, driven for their evil practices from the continent—the very plague-spots of the island. In most districts of China, however, mandarins and soldiers are the greatest consumers of